Then tis in vaine for you to ſtorme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced.
Miſ: For. Come miſtris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitty to part loue that is ſo true.
Miſ: Page. Althogh that I haue miſſed in my intent
Yet I am glad my husbands match was croſſed,
Here M. *Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hugh. Come M. *Page*, you muſt needs agree.
For. Ifaith ſir come, you ſee your wife is pleaſed.
Pa. I cannot tell, and yet my hart's well eaſed,
And yet it doth me good the Doctor miſſed.
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither Daughter,
Go too, you might haue ſtaied for my good will,
But ſince your choiſe is made of one you loue,
Hete take her *Fenton*, and both happy proue.
S. Hugh. I wil dance & eate plums at your wedding.
For: All parties pleaſed, now let's in to feaſt,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors ieaſt.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, ſo God giue you ioy,
And ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe* now you ſhall keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.